VELDSINGERS' VERSE

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THE VELDSINGERS

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VELDSINGERS VERSE

A COMPILATION OF THE WORKS
OF THE MEMBERS OF
THE VELDSINGERS' CLUB

WITH A FOREWORD BY
OLIVE SCHREINER

1910

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FOREWORD

A SMALL company of South Africans, mainly living in Johannesburg, have banded themselves into a Society called *The Veldsingers' Club*, bound to one another by their love of verse.

They have resolved to publish this little book of verses written by members of the Society. Will the South African public take it as a first little spring bloom struggling to life among the not very easy conditions of South African life to-day?

It is sometimes scorningly noted how little South Africa has produced in art or literature, but he who criticises will do well to remember always that the whole white population of the Cape, Transvaal, Free State, and Natal is not larger than that of some North-country towns in England.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

DE AAR, *Feb.* 8, 1910.

VELDSINGERS VERSE

THE VELDSINGERS

LIEGEMEN of Beauty, ye that dare to dream,
  Pursuing gladly, though the world disdain,
  The echo of an exquisite refrain,
The promise of some truth whose fitful gleam
Comes in still moments, brightening till we seem
  Almost to hold it, when 'tis gone again:
  Uplift with song, and with free voice maintain
The banner of her sovereignty supreme!

And as she whispers in the heart of each
  So let him sing: in tones not hesitant
    But vibrant and compelling: fearing none
And seeking no man's favour. Let him reach
  Up from dark dwellings, where light falls aslant,
    Toward heaven and the illuminating Sun.

F. E. WALROND.

A NORTHERNER

They buried me, who loved the sea,
In an unwatered land,
Where for all shade the savage thorn
Pierced the red, arid sand.
They dug a grave, and said a prayer that promised wars should cease,
While in the roar of angry guns were lost the words of peace.

Over my head the Last Post throbbed
Through the hot, quivering air;
I heard the parting volley fired—
My comrades' muttered prayer.
But underneath that ardent sun my body could not lie—
Even in death there was no peace for such a man as I.

The wings of peace fold only down
Over the murmuring tide,

Or brood above the sullen threats
That northern waters hide;
Her secret passes unrevealed 'neath that untempered sky,
Where overhead a cruel sun stares like a watchful eye.

A longing deep that baffled sleep
Called from some misty past,
Where in the dark the water's surge
Should welcome me at last.
Upright I stood, and jerked aside the hard imprisoning stone,
And made my way, by dreams allured, to a barren land and lone.

'Neath old familiar stars at length,
Lightening a wind-swept sky,
I watched, where circled overhead
The seabird's mournful cry.
Hidden within the perfumed dark that summer breezes fanned,
I stood untrammelled by the shore of that stern northern land.

The purple shades of deepest night
Lay on the hill's dark crest,
Where solemn pines stood straight and tall,
Like warriors taking rest.
I heard the beat through silence of the wave wash on the shore,
And knew that I had passed beyond and was dead for evermore.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

TO A DOVE AT EVENING

Soft dove, that, sweeping homeward on fleet wing,
  Hast paused to croon upon thy willow tree,
To-night, when every star is beckoning,
  Sleep not, but favour me!

Before the tears of pale Diana fall
  Seek her, whom leaving the loud town I met,
So I may learn if she remembers all,
  That I can not forget;

Or if she has forgotten him, who stayed
  Watching with her the roses of the sky,
That glowed in rapture, ruefully to fade
  When she turned in good-bye!

Find her, when lulled in silver reverie
  Lovely she leans over the window-bars,
Resting her cheek on her white arms to see
  The twinkle of the stars!

There coo my tender thoughts in peace to her;
  Confide the hopes that in my bosom grow!
Then, if her breast a little quicker stir,
  Return and tell me so!

THEODORE H. VAN BEEK.

LOVE'S PRISONER

(" *Blue-eyed and fair, with red-gold hair* ")

Not he alone is prisoner who doth view
  The dawn and close of day through iron bars,
  Tears at the granite blotting out the stars,
And curses every fresh-born hour anew:
In shrine of alabaster, gold, and blue,
  'Mid fragrance from a thousand perfumed jars,
  In tense communion which no false note mars,
My soul in self-sought bondage dwells with you.

Fair Priestess of that temple where I bow
  In sweetest reverence and rapt amaze,
  Let me through azure windows ever gaze,
Nor loose one red-gold thread which binds me now,
But, hid by white walls from the crowd, allow
  Love's fevered Acolyte to chant your praise.

R. A. NELSON.

IN A FLORIST'S WINDOW

The sun, through all the murk and brown
Of dust and mine-smoke, filters down
Upon the busy street, and I,
Who love green fields and lanes, come by
This glittering way of empty things,
With all the tumult that it brings—
The rush of wheels, the noisy jars,
The throbbing of the motor-cars—
And see to left and right appear
The endless load of cumbering gear
That all the ranged shop windows fills—
When, lo, a bunch of daffodils!

There they were with the old-time grace
That brought the light to Wordsworth's face,
And Shakespeare loved just such as these
Along his windy English leas.
They peered upon the dust-filled street
With hardy freshness, wholly sweet
As on their native English hills—
O happy, dancing daffodils!

But I remembered first of all—
And, straightway, at their golden call,
The window, with its damp perfumes,
Its dripping greens and orchid blooms,
Had slipped away, and so I felt
The breezes blow, the sunlight melt,
Upon a slope of holy ground,
Whose glowing garden beds are found
Set in some far Australian hills—
A happy haunt of daffodils.

Before the Spring had ventured forth
From her high chambers in the North,
Before the cherries' blossoming,
The daffodils their gold would fling
Across the long wet orchard grass—
The orchard, where the cattle pass
To wander in the creek below,
Where ferns and long, grey mosses grow.
Around, the grey old giant gums
Stand warden, and the wild bee hums
His merry chant across the rye;
And, sharp against the August sky,
The red criss-cross of budding boughs
Shows like a net, and patient cows

Between the boles will gravely peep—
Ah, what a place of peaceful sleep!

One comes there early in the morn;
Upon her face the light is borne
Of those who spend sweet quiet days,
And love fair thoughts and simple ways;
And though her eyes are young, yet care
Has laid the silver on her hair.
All flowers dwell in that heart of hers,
But, question her, she yet prefers
Before them all, the daffodils.
O garden in the southern hills,
Her children loved you well of old,
Now, though they wander, place of gold,
Keep watch upon her for us all,
In this her life's long sunset fall.
Time, be her gentle worshipper,
And bring her children back to her.

The dusty street behind is drab,
And shrill with tinkle of the cab,
But rarest hope my spirit fills,
Brought thither by the daffodils.

ALICE M. ALDER.

SONGS TO KARIN

I

EIGHT MONTHS OLD

They ask for songs of the veld,
My Karin, my love,
When there's you!
More fair, my African kelt,
Nor sunshine above
Is more true!

The sunbird's whistle and call,
Warm mornings in May,
And the coo
Of wild dove in wattle tall—
More lovely than they
Are you, too!

Your laugh and babble of song,
The heaven of your smile,
And eyes blue,

That only to you belong,
My lay shall beguile,
And me woo!

HUGH J. EVANS.

II

MY LOVE KARIN

My love Karin's little hand,
By God's loving wonder plann'd,
Folds about my finger tight,
As it were a jewel bright.

My love Karin's sunny eyes,
How they open in surprise
When her little red balloon
Soars above her like a moon!

My love Karin's lovely face—
God's own smile is in that place!—
Beams ecstatic when she sees
Branches bowing in the breeze.

My love Karin's coral lips
Can reveal two ivory tips—
God, what beauty Thou canst make
When Thou love and life dost wake!

My love Karin's silver voice
Makes her mother's mind rejoice—
God, what music there can be
In her ringing laugh of glee!

My love Karin, nine months old—
Half the wonder is untold!
God made man, but did He know
All the joy He did bestow?

HUGH J. EVANS.

III

ONE YEAR OLD

When you flew,
Karin, love,
Down worlds of blue
Agleam above,

From your eyes,
So heavenly wise,
Love shone through;
And we heard
Joy, Love's youth,
A fearless bird,
In realms of ruth
Anthems sing
Athrill with Spring
And Beauty, stirr'd
To waking life
Aglow with strife;
And, Karin, since you came
This earth has been the same
Again
As when
In sunny glades, 'mid groves of spice,
God's breath woke love in Paradise.

HUGH J. EVANS.

THE STORM

No breath of air. The fingers of the sun
  Have touched a panting world with lambent fire,
And now the earth and heavens, wrapped in one
  Deep gloom, with dread await what both desire.
The eager wind comes sweeping through the street,
  And atoms gathered here and scattered there
Are drawn again together till they meet,
  And twisting strangely in the yellow glare
Assume unhallowed shapes. A hush, a thrill
  Foretell great happenings. And by and by
A sudden blinding light—and all is still:
  A crash—so might a Titan roar and die!
Then sweet as sleep that lulls persistent pain,
In ever-swelling cadence falls the rain.

SYNED.

NOCTURNE

Gay troops of brilliant stars that swept
  Across the splendid purple skies,
And in my arms you smiled and slept,
  My lips upon your dreaming eyes.

The intervening years, dear heart,
  Brought nothing that was half so sweet;
We met and loved and had to part,
  And Life has gone on weary feet.

As nought avails when Love is dead
  To leaven what is left of Life,
'Tis surely best, when all is said,
  To make an end and cease from strife.

The poison thrills and burns my brain,
  I hear you draw a laboured breath;
We'll never see the sun again,
  For we have sold ourselves to Death.

Grey heavy clouds that slowly creep
  Across the gloom of starless skies,
And dead within my arms you sleep,
  My lips upon your dreamless eyes.

P. R. Davis.

LINES TO ——

Let us remember the song and the sweetness,
  Let us forget mistrust, sorrow, and tears—
Cherish those moments love-winged in their fleetness,
  Banish the long, dark, heart-harrowing years!
Fain that the future may hold no regret,
Let us remember, and—let us forget.

Let us remember the error no longer,
  Let us forget not the good and the true:
Lives in surrender go sweeter and stronger
  On with the years now fleet-footed and few.
Faiths, then, which strengthened, and fears that beset,
Let us remember, and let us forget.

Let us forget that we ever were severed:
  Exile the hard thought and wipe out the stain;
Fondly recalling the love that endeavoured
  Spite the perdition of passion and pain.
Glad, though long parted, that ever we met,
Let us remember, and—let us forget.

WILLIAM BLANE.

SOUTH AFRICA

All that she gave us was tears,
  Sorrow of heart and of head;
Land of bewildering years,
  Woman of passion and dread.

Others were fairer than she,
  Summer was sweet in their eyes,
Kindly their laughter and free,
  Women to love and to prize.

Yet we approved not their worth.
  Man after man in his mood
Turned to this creature of earth,
  Sullen and savage and rude;

Gave her his heart for a toy,
  Her without pity or ruth,
Gave her to build or destroy
  Hopes and ambitions and youth.

Careless she took them and gave
  Terrible gifts in return;
Thirst and the night for a grave;
  Death in the spaces that burn.

What is her charm and her power?
  Scornful she takes of our best,
Makes us the sport of an hour,
  Flings us aside with the rest.

Uncomprehended, unknown,
  Still she attracts and allures;
Still on the steps of her throne
  Blood of her victims endures.

Something she has which compels
  Wonder and worship through pain.
Vainly her lover rebels,
  Striving to loosen his chain.

Lo! she is stronger than he!
  Great is her magic and wide,
Stretching its spell o'er the sea,
  Drawing him back to her side.

Many have wooed her with heat,
  Proud in their manhood and strength,
Only to reel in defeat,
  Shattered and broken at length.

Ah! will she never be kind?
  Is there no man that shall prove
Strong to embrace her and bind
  Sweetly the force of her love?

Surely the heart of her keeps
  Splendour of passion, and dear
Wealth of affection, that sleeps
  Mute till her master appear.

Then shall she bear to her lord
  Children of glorious breed,
Warriors wielding the sword,
  Statesmen with laws for her need.

Then shall the branches of peace
  Prosper and spread in the land,
Commerce expand and increase,
  Factories rise at command.

Then shall her poets essay
  Wonderful thoughts of her dreams,
Brush of her painters portray
  Hints of her exquisite gleams.

Virgin since time was begun,
  Who shall attain to this bride?
None hath possessed her, nor none
  Touched the deep heart of her pride.

F. E. WALROND.

SUNRISE ON THE VELD

(OUTSIDE JOHANNESBURG)

Across the far-stretched carpet of bronze-green,
  Veined with red paths, rough-traced by foot and tyre,
  From out the kopjes breaks night's funeral pyre;
And slowly, as it kindles, the wide scene
Is pierced with golden searchlights, and through screen
  Of mystic ambient starts each thin black spire,
  Whose inky, curled pennants, from the fire
Of the goldseeker, blur the morning sheen.

Ghost-white the mounds of cyanide appear,
  Like phantom hills; the Kafir on the plain,
In blanket wrapped, stares mutely as his ear
  Catches the rumble of the winding train,
  The moan of bullocks, creak of wagon strain,
Then, maddening shriek of siren—day is here.

R. A. NELSON.

VELD

The sun is up, so come with me,
  And take the chestnut mare,
We'll ride ten leagues and more to see
  A sight to end despair,
For the rains have set the grasses free,
  And the Veld blows green and fair!

The long dry months are passed away,
  The dun of the Veld-world gone,
For in this land it takes a day
  To see what the rains have done,
And mock no man if given to pray
  For the heavenly benison!

O 'tis the time to dare each spruit,
  The boter-bloem a-blowing,
And blossoms pink that speak of fruit,
  In three months mellow showing,
For the rains soak vlei and the rains fill sluit,
  And the sheep-grass quickly growing!

Yet, as we go, we'll not forget
  The ridge where dead men are,
Tho' never for us to pay the debt—
  Each soul a shining star,
And our idle talk of vain regret
  Never to reach that far.

God ends the drought and sends the rain,
  But we make lives to mourn,
For the spade that buries the patriot slain
  Buries the Human Dawn,
Our dripping blades still true to Cain,
  E'en in a field of corn!

The sun is up, so come with me,
  And take the chestnut mare,
It matters not what man may be
  If God alone be fair,
And makes the Veld so good to see,
  And lets us breathe its air!

D. M. JACOBS.

HARTEBEESTFONTEIN

When the shades of eve are falling
Memories fond I sit recalling,
Of thy beauties all enthralling,
  Lovely Hartebeestfontein.

Sparkling fountains ceaseless turning
O'er the rocks in noisy churning,
All their rugged guardians spurning;
  Verdant Hartebeestfontein.

Myriad tints of roses blooming,
Scent of orange born with glooming,
Thorn-clad kopjes watchful looming,
  Drowsy Hartebeestfontein.

There thou holdest in thy keeping
Whom I love awake and sleeping.
Tell me, tell me she is weeping,
  Tender Hartebeestfontein.

List, the hilltops breathe a crying,
Mingled with the gum trees' sighing,
Ah, those pleasure hours fast flying!
  Distant Hartebeestfontein.

MILTON C. SKINNER.

THE BOOKSHELF

Upon the topmost shelf they stand—
  The firelight glimmers on their gold;
And Africa is hand in hand
  With Lyonesse and Greece of old.

Outside, the steely southern sky
  Is dazzling with a countless light—
The quivering stars go marching by
  Throughout the windy, winter night.

And you upon the bookshelf there—
  You know what restless mortals be;
Come, chant us your diviner air
  And sing to us of Italy.

And tell us how the Florentine
  Found Beatrice in the Heavenly Land;
Of Demeter and Proserpine,
  Or Iseult of the Lily Hand.

How love was still the lord of all—
  But ye are dead these many years;
The grave has held you long in thrall
  And hushed your laughter and your tears.

I come to tell you many things—
  How Spring is still in love with Earth;
The swallows come with flashing wings,
  And children's eyes light up with mirth.

How Pan still pipes on many hills—
  Ah, how that piping floods the vales!
And how the rose with essence fills
  And scatters it to autumn gales;

Till winter brings the fireside glow,
  And then we speak of you, and read;
And overmuch we seek to know,
  And overmuch your lore we heed.

And I am wiser than you all
  Who sit with my love's hand in mine—
Until the bitter darkness fall
  And quench the glory of our shrine.

ALICE M. ALDER.

TERMINAL

Will you remember, dear, when life grows dim,
  And through dark tangles glooms our difficult way,
  Whereon no sunbeams dance, no shadows play,
When broken is our song of cherubim,
That in our hearts once sounded high, a hymn
  Of love, whose gladness nothing could gainsay,
  Will you remember in that louring day,
'Mid tear-blurr'd visions of our seraphim,
The glowing glory of the sunlit road,
  The ample distances before us spread,
    The little spring that laugh'd, the peak that shone,
The smile that charm'd away our sordid load,
  The splendour on our souls and senses shed,
    The light of dreamt eternity thereon?

HUGH J. EVANS.

SOLACE

I lay beneath the Afric stars awake,
  While all the neighbour-noise of city slept,
  And all the solace of the silence crept
Into the turmoil of my spirit's ache;
And this worn heart, whereon life's billows break,
  Was soothed; the futile cares o'er which had wept
  These weary eyes, where careless joys had leapt,
A slow and sweet transfiguring grace did take.

With wide lids open to the glorious night,
  With soul and sense entranquill'd by the calm,
I lay awake, while in procession bright
  The holy-hymning stars with spheric psalm
Bedew'd my inmost being with delight—
  Yea, with the fragrance of enduring balm

HUGH J. EVANS.

CAMEOS

I

THE SUMMER MOON

(*To a Wife*)

My Love is like the Summer Moon,
  Pale in the early evening sky
    Abiding;
  E'en now eluding careless eye—
Through wealthy morn and prosperous noon
    Close hiding.

But the tried vision sure doth trace
  The shaded fulness of her powers
    Reposing;
  Till troubled night's dark daughter hours
Haste their own flight, whilst her sweet face
    Disclosing.

R. A. Nelson.

II

THE STREAMLET

(*To a Daughter*)

Slight meaning clingeth to thy speech;
  What knowest thou, Streamlet, of life's grief
    And laughter?
  Yet cease not, thou shalt—all too brief—
In quiet learn, in silence teach
    Hereafter.

Soon shall the Lake's black stillness creep
  Round thy light babble; thou shalt view—
    Nought seeking—
  And helpless mirror, false and true,
Shalt hear Love laugh and Anguish weep,
    Unspeaking.

R. A. Nelson.

THE SLEEPERS ON THE VELD

Beneath the mountain's dominance
  The blustering night wind raves,
Where pointed shadows of the thorn
  Strike slant across our graves.

Calmly we wait the wakening hour,
  Beneath the eternal stars;
Sleeping as friends who died as foes
  In half-forgotten wars.

For us the blistering sun at noon
  Wakes memories in our breast,
The secrets of the moonlit nights
  Enrich our silent rest.

But 'neath these alien stars, the foe
  Sighs in uneasy sleep,
For shifting clouds on heather hills
  Where peat-brown waters leap.

The silent spaces of the veld
  Say nothing to his soul;
His heart is held by high white cliffs
  Where tumbling sea waves roll.

The silence solaces *our* heart
  And charms this interlude;
Our wives were won, our children born,
  Within its solitude.

His boyhood calls from shady lanes,
  And deep pellucid streams;
Soft, cloudy skies and deep-set tarns
  Haunt his uneasy dreams.

Our women's broken-hearted tears,
  Drunk by the thirsty land,
Can never reach our shallow graves
  Scooped in the sunburnt sand.

But at the sound the foeman stirs,
  Moved by sad, lingering fears;
His women will not find his grave
  In all their lonely years.

But one still morn the Judge's voice
  Shall reach the hearts of all;
Heavy with sleep, confused with dreams,
  We shall obey the call.

From well-fought fields where thousands sleep,
  From lonely, star-watched graves
Scattered about the solemn veld,
  O'er which the night wind raves.

And side by side we all shall march
  With slow, reluctant feet,
To stand before that Judgment Bar
  Where every foe shall meet.

Then when that tardy dawn shall break,
  And waiting hours be done,
The foes who died will rise as friends
  To greet the morning sun.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

REVELATION

If, loving you, life's golden knowledge came,
  It rooted late and slowly in my soul,
  For youth dislikes the greys of wise control,
And seeks, as one enthralled, the fatal flame
Of lurid colours in precincts of shame.
  Dear aged eyes, that grieving, could condole,
  Foreseeing wisdom as the decades roll,
And manhood growing worthy of its name,
Thus knowledge came, slow dawning into truth,
  Enshrined your face and made me strong and wise.
O mother mine, who mourned my wilful youth,
  Now to your grave I come, with bitter sighs,
Crying to you in penitence and ruth,
  "All women have grown sacred in mine eyes."

D. M. Jacobs.

SOUTHERN SEAS

A bloomin' gal an' 'alf a yard o' sand,
  A blot o' yellow restin' on the blue,
An' whot is 'yde Park Corner or the Strand
  To you an' such as you?

A sort o' king an' more than all the rest,
  A sort o' gawd of both 'er heart and mind,
An' whot's a sloppy nursemaid livin' west
  To 'er an' half 'er lovin' kind?

A bit o' black, and Southern seas are mine,
  An' southern reefs an' all the bloomin' south,
An' whot is Jane or Mary buzzin' fine
  To such as 'er an' mouth a-kissin' mouth?

Yet whot is past is past, though love ain't dead,
  An' whot 'as been, well, whot 'as been, has been.
Gawd, why do dead winds whisper over'ead?—
  A bloomin' gal, an' all the world between.

MOME.

THE TALE OF A FARMER'S DAUGHTER

He came in the glow of the long, warm days
  To the farm where she was bred:
A golden glint was on the maize;
  The skies were red.

And the bright-hued birds along the stream,
  Where the wind thro' the rushes sighed,
Swayed with the rhythm of the dream
  Of eventide.

Like the sudden echo of a tune
  That has vaguely died away;
Like a dew-drop lingering in the noon
  From break of day,

Herseemed he quickened in her breast
  A sleeping memory.
He thought her fair to be caressed—
  She loved—and he?

He came again, and he learnt full soon
  To love—with the love of men;
The night was calm: a silver moon
  Smiled down—and then! . . .

A sickening sense of breaking day;
  The scent of the old gum trees,
And a Kafir singing far away
  Mad melodies.

THEODORE H. VAN BEEK.

THE VOORTREKKER

There in an ancient, weather-beaten chair
He sits and ponders, drawing at the stem
Of his long-cherished pipe; his shrunken limbs
Clad loosely in a suit of yellow-grey.
His flowing beard, like flakes of falling snow,
Softens the contour of his shrewd old face,
Seamed with the touch of sun, and wind, and time,
And yet impassive. But his sunken eyes,
Roving and restless, seem to leap beyond
Pregnant with all that filled forgotten years;
And for a moment he is young again.
Gripping his stick, he sits erect, the while
He doffs the clinging mask of honoured age,
As scene succeeds to scene, now gay, now grave:—
The laager where he stood a puny child,
And standing, trembling watched his father die—
And late, too late, the Zulu legions hurled
Reeling and broken—or the gladsome days
Of headlong, breathless rides across the veld;

The ardour of the hunter and the chase;
The spell of mighty spaces, clean, pure air,
And all the subtle, nameless joy of life;
The joy of Youth when pulse to pulse beats high;
The crowning joy of Love that conquers all.
And then—the semblance of his first loved vrouw
(Still dearest of the three) that softly calls:
"Het is toch laat. Kom, myn Jacobus, kom;"
At sunset even so she used to cry,
Whene'er he lingered loath to leave his toil.

. . . . . .

Slowly he knocks the ashes from the bowl,
And knocking notes—perforce—his shrivelled hand.

SYNED.

THEY'LL COME AGAIN

They'll come again—the children of our sorrow
  Who sojourn now beyond our mortal ken—
Sure as the promised dawn of God's to-morrow,
  In song and sunshine, they will come again.

They'll come again! They're safe in love's own keeping;
  And, though unknowing how or where or when,
The voice of Rachel for her children weeping
  Is pledge and promise—they will come again.

They'll come again! Untiring æons solving
  The mysteries of the Universe and men,
For ever fuller, sweeter life evolving,
  Immortal hold them—they will come again.

They'll come again! On this the soul relying
  Joins grief-impressioned Nature's grand Amen,
Which, harmonised by faith and hope undying,
  Heaven hearing, answers, "They shall come again."

WILLIAM BLANE.

THE KAPJI BLUE

Beside the glancing, dancing Vaal
A maiden walks divinely tall;
Her tresses hid in kapji blue,
She waits, she waits, her lover true.
    Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,
    Concealed within the kapji blue,
    Red lips await thy lover's kiss:
    Come, come, and claim love's hour of bliss!

Beside the grey and sullen Vaal
A maiden walks; ah! sad tears fall.
She whispers from her kapji blue,
"Thy duty calls, I will be true!"
    Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,
    Tears fall beneath the kapji blue;
    One lingering kiss from white lips take,
    And then farewell, for duty's sake.

Beside the rushing, swollen Vaal
A heart is broken. "That is all."

A maiden walks, low-bowed her head;
On field of blood her love lies "dead."
Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,
No more she wears the kapji blue!
Oh, lover true, oh, lover brave,
The Veld wind moans across thy grave.

H. WOODHOUSE NEALE.

SHE, WHO DANCED

As flits a fairy in the van of night,
  Pink-misted, tremulous, and magical,
When in the wonder of a dream-delight
  Ariels do cease their merry madrigal,
    So daintily she danced to me
    In raiment gossamer and free,
  While died the music in the rose-lit hall.

She danced to me, for while her silver feet
  Fell in a graceful rhythm, with surmise
She caught my glances, and her smile was fleet,
  But kindled not for any other eyes.
    And as her form swayed to and fro,
    Gay like a flower, that breezes blow,
  There was a lure in her light-laboured sighs.

O she, who danced to me, where is she now?
  The kiss of death has chilled her sunny breast,

Numb is the lucent whiteness of her brow,
Pale are the lips, that loved to be caressed.
With closed eyes again I see
Her fairy feet dart daintily,
And the soft gauze with fantasy possessed.

THEODORE H. VAN BEEK.

COSMOS

Bright flowers, of varied tender-tinted hues,
Red, white, and purple-pink,
And lightly poised upon your stems of green
Like flame upon a candle.
Who would have thought the stern and sombre veld
Could nourish things so delicately fair?
It is as though a man morose and sad,
Whose thoughts are twilight-tinged and grey,
Should suddenly uplift a tuneful voice
And troll a love-song.

For, as some painter with a dream of heaven
May fill his background in with cherubs' heads,
Faces of lovely children
With dimpled smiles that only childhood knows,
So Nature, ever seeking new effects
And tiring of old sameness, here
Has taken children's faces,
And breathing changed them into flowers,
And strewn them laughing o'er the barren veld.

You men of bounded lives,
Whose music is the clicking of the keys,
And all your colour painted scrip,
Leave these in God's name, who made Nature fair,
And for an hour at least,
Gazing upon this loveliness, forget
The buying and the selling of the world.
Come forth and view
These regiments of firm-encamped flowers,
These dancing faces in their sea of green,
And ye shall know,
Unless your hearts be wholly dried
And squeezed of power to love the lovelier things,
A sweeter joy than any walls enclose.

F. E. WALROND.

COLOURS

ON THE SOUTH COAST, NATAL

Blue is the tropical sea, and heavenly blue the skies,
But the tenderest, deepest blue of all is the blue that lies
In the sweet eyes of the children, the wise child-eyes.

And green is the tropical, tangled forest of creeper and brush,
Though a clearer green is enclosed in the waves' swift rush
Ere the flight up the foaming headland, and the slow, returning hush.

There on the fringe of the forest are trees with red flowers aflame;
And at dawning over the sea a red light came
Red as the flowers, and flushing the children's cheeks with the same.

But at night, do you hear how the sea goes snarling
up on the sand?
Down in the dark it conceals a dead-black, murderous hand,
The black-hearted, treacherous sea, reaching out for
the land.

The bay is full of the fleeces of foaming flocks that
crawl
Ever shoreward, and over their snow the white sea-
birds call—
But the white souls of the children are the whitest
things of them all.

ALICE M. ALDER.

AFRICAN SPRINGTIME

The willow trees are green again,
  The wattles decked with gold,
And mating birds are seen again
  And lovers as of old.

The purple iris blows again,
  The purple and the white,
And soon there'll be the rose again
  And all my heart's delight.

The peach trees all are pink again,
  Wistaria blooms anew,
And I begin to think again
  Of you, my dear, of you.

Oh! underneath the moon again,
  When all the air is wine,
We'll sing the old glad tune again,
  Your beating heart to mine.

P. R. Davis.

A VOYAGER

Below, Da Gama's strand, agleam with light,
  Such as that master mariner and he,
  Diaz, his pilot, could not think to see;
Far overhead, eternal stars, still bright
As when, through ages past, to faith and sight
  Guidance they gave. 'Mid gold of lemon tree
  And bright Berean bloom, all over me
The lovely moonlit fragrant Durban night:
How warm and sweet and still!—"Dearest!"—A hand
  Glides into mine, soft, intimate, and fain,
And dim grows great Da Gama's gleaming strand:
  A Voyager doth now to me attain
Who holdeth all the light of all the land
  And all the living charts of joy—and pain.

HUGH J. EVANS.

PORTS OF CALL

Oh! our souls are hanging high,
  Mother, let us be;
Some one's tears are running dry,
  Is it you or me?
We who sinned the seven sins,
  Knowing one and all
What's the odds a woman wins
  At each port of call?

Drifting out across the bar,
  Living, dying, dead,
What's the odds where women are
  And the wine is red?
Drifting round the seven seas,
  Every port a hell;
Would the devil had no fees,
  For we pay him well!

Knowing this and knowing that,
  Whoop, and let us go;

Would ye tame the wild cat
  Knowing what we know?
We who proved each woman fair
  At each port of call,
Would ye call us home again—
  We who know it all?

Drifting out and over-manned,
  Would ye bid us heed?
We whose names are written, damned,
  Spawn of devil seed;
Knowing what we know, dear lads,
  Yet they call us back,
We that robbed the northern floe,
  Blazed the southern track!

Drifting out across the bar,
  Drift and let us be;
What we've been and what we are,
  What is that to thee?
What's the odds and what's the why?
  For the world is small,
Yet they call us home again,
  We who know it all!

Faith! our souls are hanging high,
  Mother, let us be;
Some one's tears are running dry,
  Is it you or me?
We that sinned the seven sins,
  Knowing one and all,
Laugh, ye fools, the devil wins
  At each port of call.

MOME.

DAWN AT PAARDEKRAAL

The dim grey light comes stealing, and the stars
  Melt swiftly, till at last the only one
Is left a watcher. Rosy, radiant bars
  Of cloud foretell a day not yet begun.
The purple sky pales in the waking east
  From blue to faintest green. The mountains stand
On the horizon's edge. Each bird and beast
  Stirs in its sleep. A hush is o'er the land.
The light grows brighter. Trees and shrubs appear
  Like wraiths that beckon dumbly in the gloom
Mysterious shapes that slowly grow more clear,
  Then—chirping birds, and flowers all abloom.
And lo! the Sun—wielding a molten spear,
  Leaps like a god new risen from his tomb.

SYNED.

MEINTJES KOPJE

Meintjes Kopje! Meintjes Kopje!
  Do the purple daisies grow
On your rugged slopes in springtime
  As they did in years ago,

When I walked with one who loved me,
  In the days when love was young;
When our eyes held glinted laughter
  And our sighs were songs unsung?

But the laughter fell and faded,
  And the wonder-song is still,
And the track goes all untrodden
  Past the pool and up the hill.

Meintjes Kopje! Meintjes Kopje!
  Other years your flowers restore,
But my love who loved the daisies
  Comes to gather them no more.

F. E. WALROND.

REQUIESCAT

PAUL KRUGER, BURIED IN PRETORIA, DINGAAN'S DAY, DECEMBER 16, 1904

After long waiting to its own hath come
  The casket which once held the vigorous mind
  Far seeing, till by patriot love made blind
He blew, before a staggered world struck dumb,
War's clarion blast, beat loudly battle's drum,
  And on the veld in sacrificial strife
  Poured forth his children's as his foemen's life,
Till reached to Heaven the dread ensanguined sum.

Now Peace receives the home-returning dead,
  Leading by hand of each the one-time foes;
  In silence louder far than words they close
Around the bier, and now together shed,
  Not blood, but tears—may every drop that flows,
In showers of balm bedew the spirit fled.

R. A. NELSON.

THE CALL OF THE VELD

What siren has taught you to call us
  Where wind-swept lands sigh for the rains?
Who gave you the lures to enthral us,
  Oh, drought-stricken plains?
Ah, but the clear light of dawning!
  Ah, but the freedom it spelt!
The limitless width of life's morning,
  The call of the veld!

No land of your sons has bereft you,
  No magic can make them forget,
For those who have loved you and left you
  They dream of you yet.
They dream of the brown and red grasses,
  The homestead where once they have dwelt;
They hear in the wind as it passes,
  The call of the veld!

And we who have seen of life's treasure,
  And hunger of travel have known,

Have drunken our fill of its pleasure
  Till weary we've grown;
And then with the sob that comes after
  The mirth, as our throbbing hearts melt,
We hear above sound of our laughter,
  The call of the veld.

We yearn for the home where we tired,
  Horizons where veld and sky meet,
To shake off the dust that has mired
  Our wandering feet.
All wonder of love in new semblance,
  Strange gods at whose altars we knelt,
Are naught when we call to remembrance
  The God of the veld.

Whose pathway is o'er the blue mountains,
  Whose breath is the keen-scented air,
Whose storm-clouds have hollowed the fountains
  And made the veld fair.
To haunt us in joys or in weeping,
  Whichever our fate may have dealt,
To give us at last a long sleeping
  Safe under the veld!

MARY BYRON.

SHALL I FORGET?

Shall I forget the meadow-lands of Home?
  The hedgerows freshest in the misty morn?
The cool green quietudes where cattle roam?
  The long weird twilights dying on the corn?

Or shall I cease to haunt—because afar,
  'Neath burning skies, I clutch the hopeless gold—
The magic dells where English violets are?
  The elfin bluebells on the Saxon wold?

The seas divide, and yet, by memory led,
  I walk once more the old familiar lane,
Amid the hawthorn blossoming white and red,
  And migrant swallows stealing back again.

And lo! I reach the hamlet of my dreams,
  Each gabled cottage with a portico,
Where rosebuds peep and honeysuckle streams,
  And gates unbar to let in long-ago.

And peace, to drown experience, is there,
  Till, like a child, with simple lips, I sing,
For who, amidst the roses, can despair,
  Or evil know of any living thing?

Come, memory, and lead me home again!
  But one short hour away from scheme and fret,
To live my youth anew, to mortgage pain,
  And with the daisies lose a life's regret.

D. M. Jacobs.

THE LAND-CALL

I have seen the world's great cities,
  Heard the thunder of their streets,
Where the strife of men and women
  Whirls and eddies, drives and beats.
I have walked their ways of pleasure—
  Waking night and sleeping morn—
Yet my heart is sad within me
  For the land where I was born.

There are parks and shaded places
  In this ordered mother-land,
Where the seasons' changing glories
  Spread delight on every hand.
Yet I weary for the kopjes
  Where the searching daylight shines:
For the staring, winking dumpheads
  And the booming of the mines.

I have walked in English meadows
  When the Springtime scatters flowers;
I have seen the English primrose
  Star the dusk of dewy hours.

I have drunk their beauty gladly,
  Yet my heart is still forlorn
For the little common veld-flowers
  Of the land where I was born.

In the country of my fathers
  There are wonder-things to praise,
And the soul of crowded history
  Breathes a fulness through the days.
Yet I long for trackless spaces
  Where the leaping springbok roam:
For the stillness and the vastness
  And the distances of home.

I am sick for kloof and kopje,
  I am wan for spruit and vlei,
And the loveliest scenes of England
  Cannot charm the ache away.
O the sweet mimosa blossom
  And the long mimosa thorn!
O the sounds that fill the night-time
  In the land where I was born!

F. E. WALROND.

THE ANGEL AND THE POET

The Angel on his golden wing
  Illumined all the twilight air;
The poet saw, unfaltering,
  The vision fair—
The Angel on his golden wing.

Dear poet, wilt thou go with me
  Beyond the glowing golden door,
To hear from God the poetry
  Thine echoes bore?
Dear poet, wilt thou go with me?

Angel, amid mine echoes here,
  Broken, yet loved, though loved in vain,
Listening with ecstasy and fear,
  I would remain—
Angel, amid my echoes here!

The darkness held one lingering star,
  While poems in the poet's soul
Bloom'd to the Angel, hush'd, afar.
  Down Heaven's dim bowl
The darkness held one lingering star.

HUGH J. EVANS.

FROM DUST

All lovely things win slowly into life,
The dust from which they came for ages clings,
Only at times there is a sudden glimpse
  Of folded shadowy wings.

The scent that dies upon the air of noon
Haunts the still garden when the sun has set,
As 'neath the calm and silence of the night
  Vanishes storm and fret.

For at tremendous cost all life is won,
To hold its own, serene and fair and frail;
The lily fades to dust, but out of dust
  Is born the nightingale.

And there are haunted gardens of the heart
Whose royal roses owe their fragrance red
To gallant faiths and tender fruitless loves
  That once were quick—now dead.

But nothing really dies that once has lived,
The dust that was a heart within a shroud
Soft winds may blow across the sleeping world
  With newer life endowed.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

ONE MAN, ONE WOMAN, AND ONE FALLEN STAR

Surpassing wisdom made this old world wise;
  The God that knoweth made both you and me.
Oh, little love is loving nought but lies,
  And must I find my hell in loving thee?
If God hath written, then our God is wise;
  But God have pity on both you and me!

For fools we be, and, oh, what fools they are:
  Yet you and I, 'tis only we who know.
One man, one woman, and one fallen star
  Have proved this sad old world so full of woe.
One shattered faith and hell's red gates ajar.
  Poor little fools! oh, what a lot we know!

MOME.

SONNET

TO PRUNELLA—MISS KATHARINE POLE

(" *Where Love abideth, all is well* ")

Sweet-voiced interpreter of that old tale
  First in a garden heard—even as now—
  When Love new-born ruled all, and every bough
And springing blade, clear stream and gentle gale,
Low-murmured homage made; let me not fail
  In mine to thee, who dost with life endow
  The painted scene, but let me wreathe thy brow
With chaplet wove from strands of memory's veil.

High hedge, smooth lawn, glad roses, tender moon,
  Ye raise the pale ghost of a long-dead past,
The echo of a voice whose gentle croon
  Died in dull ears; now from a sky o'ercast
The faint beams struggle, and through rainbow swoon
  Of tears, she calls me, " All is well "—at last!

R. A. NELSON.

TWO SONNETS

i

HERE

Peace, rest, content! Ah, God! to tired hearts,
  To feet that falter at the long road's end,
To weary players that have played their parts
  In the great drama, these in fulness send.
But unto us, whose veins are quick with fire,
  Whose wants are wide as earth and high as heaven,
Who spend our souls in some supreme desire,
  Be no content, but large impatience given.

Oh! while the arm has strength to weight a blow
  Let there be fighting, Lord, and deeds to dare,
    Such deeds as ask the bravest and the best.
Mass thick the foes against us, make us know
  The sting of pain, the threatening of despair,
    And so compel us to our loftiest.

F. E. WALROND.

II

HEREAFTER

Let those sore wounded with the spears of life
  Crave for oblivion: those who gasp for breath
In the hot whirl of this perplexing strife
  Pray God to cease from striving after death!
To each his heaven: but what have we to do
  With rest from labour, we whose dearest thought
Is still to match our model with the true,
  Whose joy in life is in achievement wrought?

God, if Thy pity lean towards man's hope,
  And Thou wouldst see Thy creatures each content,
Give us no resting, but a larger scope
  To strive and battle with impediment.
    Give strength to fill our loftiest desire,
    That we may triumph where we now aspire.

F. E. WALROND.

L'AMOUR SANCTIFIÉ

Not that her face is beautiful,
  Not that her face is fair,
But since she's sweet and dutiful
  I love her past compare.
She sets my charmed heart beating with a rev'rence
  high and rare.

Her eyes are God's own casements,
  And chasten as a star;
Amid the world's debasements,
  Its falsity and jar,
She is as some white angel bringing refuge from afar.

The thing was all amazing—
  To me she was a dream
Beyond a man's appraising,
  Unearthly and supreme.
The moments of my triumphing did resurrection seem.

What have I done, my Saviour,
  This honour to possess?
What annals of behaviour?
  What lustrous manliness?
The more my stricken mind reflects my vanity grows less.

How poignant to my vision
  Her calm and virgin eyes!
If good comes of contrition
  I'll win to such emprise,
E'en she shall hold me worthy of her love, and not despise!

D. M. Jacobs.

YOUTH AND AGE

I had no thought in that first hour we met,
  Save how to walk life's slope most easily,
  With half-closed eyes, and murmur as of sea
Within my ears—the echoing toil and fret
Of bygone days—and, striving to forget,
  Thy voice, and touch, and vision greeted me,
  And love of life at such sweet ministry
Rewoke, and to the Reaper cried, "Not yet!"

Fair young magician, though too late thy wand
  Hath conjured me to semblance of the past—
  Which age will quick discover and o'ercast—
I look to meet thee in some glad beyond
Where now divided souls may live in bond
  Of endless comradeship, and youth shall last.

R. A. Nelson.

COURAGE!

A tremor shook the inmost heart of night,
  And starting up one cried: "The day has come!"
  But others cursed him, bidding him be dumb—
"The Sun is dead: there will be no more light."
Again the darkness trembled, and again;
  And now there crept into the eastern sky
  A hesitant greyness, and a voiceless sigh
Passed wakefully across the sleeping plain.
Then slowly, very slowly, one by one
  Leaves stirred and branches quivered, till at last
  Expectant, while the pulse of dawn beat fast,
All nature waited, breathless, for the Sun.
  The Sun-god drew his bow: ray after ray
  His arrows swept the heavens, and lo! 'twas day!

F. E. WALROND.

THE TRYSTING

Dusk to the rose-thatch'd bower its mantle brings,
  The fragrance mingles in the wavering air;
Moonbeams and starbeams glide on silver wings,
  To find among the flowers their lovers fair.

I wait, and in the stillness ponder o'er
  What magic words may seal my flood of joy,
Or end the vivid dreams that nightly soar—
  Words that may bless, or words that may destroy.

Ah! stealing down the hillside path, I see
  The moonlight with a captive in its hold,
Drawing her near as tribute unto me,
  To break the chains and lovingly enfold.

. . . . . .

Alas! no joyous kiss her lips impart,
  The mournful words she speaks my spirits chill;
My hope is fled and dead; quick raindrops start,
  And dark clouds gather o'er the dreary hill.

MILTON C. SKINNER.

ARIA

In exile is the sun,
But in the twilight's rose-illumined haze
His light is free.
Good-bye, beloved one,
And I will keep the glow of golden days
In memory.

While, as the stars shine out,
And with their tender beams expel the gloom
Of the long night,
The waiting and the doubt
With radiant thoughts of thee I will illume
And put to flight.

THEODORE H. VAN BEEK.

A WELSH LOVE-SONG

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
To the twinkle of her dancing feet!
Her face was in the dawn when I awoke,
In the sunbeams on the billows when they broke,
And, with white fingers, rippled up the sand
Of the golden beach in the golden land,
Where the rivers kiss the sea in sunlit vales,
In the smile of the hills of wild, wild Wales.

Fair, fair, fair,
To the tangle of her radiant hair!
While her voice the lark carried up,
As he rose from his green-built cup,
Where the bluebells' blue came from her eyes' blue,
And with her warm breath did the daffodils woo,
For the earth blossom'd but for my love's day
In the gladsome month of sweet Welsh May.

Still, still, still
Did her whisper'd secrets fill

My weather-worn sails, gleaming up the bay,
Freighted with treasure rich as Cathay,
Jewels for her bosom, that home of delight,
Plumes and furs, and love read aright,
For her touch was a lure and herself a wonder,
And, oh, the fair world for love to plunder!

HUGH J. EVANS.

A SONG OF ROSES

O the red, red roses in their rapture,
And the snow-white roses in their pride,
And the yellow, yellow roses, when their golden heart
uncloses—
These are yours, and shall not be denied,
And to-day I bring them to you in their pride.

The red, red roses are your love so warm and true;
And the white your faith unspotted from the world;
And the golden heart all glowing of the yellow roses
blowing,
When their scented, yellow petals are unfurled,
Is the heart you gave to me of all the world.

ALICE M. ALDER.

LATE SUMMER IN ENGLAND

Now Summer lingers in the first embrace
  Of Autumn, who hath stolen unaware,
Flinging his amber mantle o'er her face,
  And the late roses in her flower-decked hair.

See how he kisses her betwixt its folds,
  Claiming for her delay delicious toll;
Her deepening crimson cheek aside she holds,
  Lest it betray her new-enkindled soul.

Till past the clustered grain and gazing flocks
  He bears her to the roseate bridal bed;
Whilst am'rous wood winds lift her floating locks,
  And the late roses all their petals shed.

R. A. Nelson.

AN EPITAPH

Too soon, Death, ah, too soon! for never came
Her glorious Prince of Dreams with heart aflame,
And in that lovely face, that voice of gold,
The hunger of her heart was never told.

Hugh J. Evans.

CIRCE

Shall I curse you, O beautiful woman
  With the smooth soft skin like a child's?
You were born with the heart of a tigress,
  And followed the law of the wilds.
You were born with the beauty that maddens,
  The glories that ban not bless.
Oh! if God be a Master-workman,
  The Devil is one no less!

There was fire in the least of your touches,
  Though I knew that your kisses lied;
And the torturing spell of your beauty
  Was stronger than all beside.
Can a man show reason in passion,
  Hold backward to count the blame,
When the eyes and the lips of a woman
  Are setting his soul aflame?

And the end is a shuddering moment,
  And the bullet that pays all debt.
And now that I know what you cost me,
  I wonder if I regret?

Though I pay with my life and my honour,
  Yet to balance the scale is this—
I have stood on the heights of rapture
  And drunk of the wine of bliss.

O woman of utter self-worship,
  If I spilt my life at your feet,
There would come no change to your colour,
  No stir to your pulses' beat.
Were there one soft trait in your nature,
  You could not have charmed so much—
You, first of all heartless women
  Whom pity can never touch.

Shall I curse you, O beautiful tigress,
  For the wreck and the ruin of me?
Yet you taught me the splendour of passion,
  Whatever the end may be.
And I know that in spite of the ending,
  In spite of the shame and the pain,
If I had the same life to live over,
  I should love you—and curse you—again.

F. E. Walrond.

REGRETS

I see thy face to-night when life's day closes,
  As one June day I saw it years ago,
When 'neath my feet I crushed thy roses
  And tried to crush my love for thee also.
    Ah me! When I was young and thou wast free;
      ah me!

I feel again the heavy teardrops settle,
  But now upon a trembling, withered hand,
And each drop burns like molten metal,
  Too late—alas, too late—I understand.
    Ah me! For I was blind and would not see; ah
      me!

Be near when passes hence my spirit broken,
  And as Death silent heals what Life has bruised,
Wilt thou forgive, and for sweet token,
  Give my cold lips the kiss they then refused?
    Ah me! That which has been can never be; ah
      me! ah me!

R. A. Nelson.

THE VELDSINGER

I

The Veldsinger, wearied with the wiles of strife,
  And the noise and glitter of day,
And, moved with hunger for the beauty of life,
  To the wilderness took his way.

Soft and green the bed he chose,
  For Beauty was wide awake,
And touch'd his soul with the heart of the rose,
  For his own and Beauty's sake.

A sigh and a murmur of drowsed bees,
  And a prayer to his love where he knelt,
A glimpse of the moon through silent trees,
  And the Veldsinger slept on the veld.

II

He saw the strength and glory of life,
  The loveliness of deeds,
He held the prizes of courage and strife,
  And satisfied all his needs.

He gave of his riches to poor and blind,
  A meaning to the empty-soul'd,
He clothed the bare and ragged of mind,
  Put music in dumb and old.

Till living became a restless bliss,
  With no toll to time or place,
And the sorrow of love and the pain of a kiss
  Left neither sting nor trace.

III

The poet arose from his pillow of dreams,
  And drew on his mantle gay,
Then fared to the hill where the sun's first beams
  Turn'd into gold the grey.

Lightly over the veld he fared,
  Lightly over the dew,
And the song in his soul he almost dared
  To imagine was young and new.

But the road grew dusty, the veld was bare,
  The Veldsinger's spirit grew meek,
No joyous song was heard in the air,
  And the gold was still to seek.

HUGH J. EVANS.

SERENADE

O Lady fair, O Lady fair,
I waft my song to thee, and where
The lilies blow by streamlet blue,
  'Neath willow and mimosa trees,
Where turtle doves their ditties coo,
  'Mid rustling reeds and humming bees,
O Lady fair, O Lady fair,
Where all is love thou'lt find me there.

O Lady sweet, O Lady sweet,
I waft my song thine ears to greet,
To reach thee through thy stronghold wall
  Of proud disdain and haughty mien.
Divinest, hear my passioned call
  And come and be my woodland Queen.
O Lady sweet, O Lady sweet,
I lay my kingdom at thy feet.

MILTON C. SKINNER.

PICKET

Straining me eyes in the darkness,
  Gazing away into ink,
Busting me ears for the things that I hears,
  And thinking the things that I think.
Looking at nothing come closer,
  Watching that nothing draw near,
Seeing them plain through the mist and the rain,
  Then finding there's nothing to fear.

Picket, oh, beautiful picket,
  Oh skylines at night in the cold,
Oh sweet little hills with yer mist and yer chills,
  And your deaths that never have been told.
Picket, oh, beautiful picket,
  Oh bridles that clink in the dark,
Oh me and oh you, an' the fears that we knew,
  Jest me and jest you in the dark.

Picket, poor devil on picket,
  With yer bayenet atop of yer gun;

How naked you seemed, when you watched and you
dreamed,
And thought of the things that you done.
Jest counted them all on the kopje,
And thought of them all and the shame;
Jest counted them all from the first to the fall,
Calling her name.

Straining me eyes in the darkness,
Seeing her face in the ink,
Busting me ears for the things that I fears,
And thinking the thing that I think.
Waiting for love in the clover,
And watching for death in the dark.
Oh poor little sod, with m'love and m'god,
Jest praying alone in the dark.

MOME.

A DREAM OF YOUTH

I smoke my pipe and take my ease
And watch the curling rings I blow,
And think of better times than these,
And her I loved so long ago.

I sit and smoke and muse; I seem
  To listen to the beating rain;
But I am in the hills of dream,
  And you, my love, are here again.

I see the surge of swinging seas,
  And there, beneath a cloudless sky,
We face the spray and front the breeze,
  Just you, my dearest heart, and I.

The sun sets in the purple West,
  The emerald seas grow dark as wine,
I hold you closely to my breast
  And press your warm sweet lips to mine.

The smoke rings curl and break and fade,
  My dreams they vanish in the smoke,
But still your sweetness, dearest maid,
  Can cheer the heart you filled and broke.

P. R. Davis.

SANCTUARY

A SONNET

Here, in our home, a something sweet is rife—
  Some call it faith and some tranquillity.
  Ah! is it not the greatest need there be—
This love that giveth sanctuary to life?
But, lest we doubt our heaven, dearest wife,
  Come, take mine arm, and watch a space with me,
  While truth shall ope its casements wide to see—
Behold, e'en now, the sights of lust and strife!

So, having seen, you weep, quite satisfied;
  You cling to me the more, bowed little head—
A blessing on these casements, open wide!
  What can we say of those who mock instead—
Who know and fail, who know and turn aside—
  But that, though living, they were better dead?

D. M. Jacobs.

IN MEMORIAM SORORIS

Not by the woody hill, where you were bold
  To raise the echoes with your laugh and song,
  And gather marguerites the stream along,
Like you white-robed, like you with hearts of gold,
Nor in our favourite haunts do I behold
  Your face, as first, when Death's most stunning wrong
  Bemock'd me with your presence, and a throng
Of wounded memories their loss retold;
But in the silent loneliness of gloom,
  And when the mirth, when even grief, is still,
Then from the darkness of your virgin tomb,
  I see you here before me all athrill
With tingling pleasure; in my quiet room
  I hear the laugh and echoes of the hill.

HUGH J. EVANS.

TO THE MEMORY OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Poet of the music of water and wave,
  And the thrill of desire,
Of the laughter of thunder, the scorn of the grave,
    Poet of fire!

Born of the breath of revolt and of wrong,
  And the revel of rhyme,
An eagle in vision, a wonder in song,
    Challenging time!

Poet of the beauty of maiden and child,
  The madness of love,
The whirl of the world when chaos smiled,
    The dream of the dove!

Poet, poet, to the core of thy soul,
  To the tip of thy wing!
Hast thou now a haven or goal?
    Where dost thou sing?

HUGH J. EVANS.

RECOMPENSE

She is so far, my little love—
  True love is never free—
Between us lies the desert great
  Of a dark destiny,
And when I fold her to my heart
  She seems most far from me.

She is so far away from me,
  Who in the silence deep
Lies with her weary little arms
  Outflung in silver sleep,
While on her whiteness delicate
  The moonbeams vigil keep.

I may not seek my darling one
  Where languidly she lies,
But oh! love is so wonderful,
  I think my spirit flies,
When I am dreaming, on the wind
  That thro' the stillness sighs.

I think my spirit flies to her
  In the delicious gloom,
Where in the softness of the dusk
  She rests so soft in bloom,
And that our souls together leave
  Her dream-enchanted room.

They seem to wander where they will,
  And ever happy are,
For always they together go,
  And then they go so far
From the sad earth, that soon appears
  As small as any star.

And if a cruel fate doth hold
  Us parted till we die,
What matters it, if every night
  Our yearning souls may fly
Together to the fields where glow
  The daisies of the sky?

THEODORE H. VAN BEEK.

A SIGH

Weary is the time of waiting,
  O my Love, for thee.
Birds with every Spring are mating,
  Never thou with me.

Thou that art the world's adorning
  Keepest all delight,
Weary is the lonely morning,
  Lorn and lone the night.

F. E. WALROND.

HONOUR

(*Imperial Light Horse Memorial Service*)

A sound of mourning, or of joy,
  Is this that fills the sacred fane?
For warriors blest the Muse employ?
  Or still in pain?
A sound of mourning, or of joy?

It is the sound of triumph high,
  The rolling beat for honour won!
Dry then the tear, and stay the sigh!
  Their deeds are done:
It is the sound of triumph high.

HUGH J. EVANS.

KATRINA

From beneath her cotton "Kappie"
  Bright grey eyes demurely shining;
Even-tempered, plump and happy,
  Never groaning or repining—
    Ach, Katrina!

Just one flaxen curl escaping
  From the primly fastened setting;
One of Nature's make and shaping
  Yet a curl there's no forgetting—
    Ach, Katrina!

And such merry joyous laughter,
  Rippling on with lilts and catches,
Charming once, and ever after;
  And a voice that—well, it matches!
    Ach, Katrina!

When I offer her a posy
  She regards me, half beguiling,
With a cheek becoming rosy—
  Looks provoking, coyly smiling.
    Ach, Katrina!

"Dat is mooi; ja dat is prachtig!
  Foei! your heart is torn with sorrow
Sis toch! malkop! (allemachtig!)
  Dag, Mynheer—until to-morrow,"
    Ach, Katrina!

SYNED.

THE WINTRY WIND

Wintry wind, fitful wind,
  Blow o'er the bleak veld, blow;
Gusty wind, sighing wind,
  Sweep the bare kopje's brow.
Sweep thro' the scanty sheltering bush,
  Fan the red embers' glow,
Sweep thro' the sun-dry river rush,
  Blow, winter wind, blow, blow.

Wintry wind, icy wind,
  Pitiless hurry past;
Howling wind, cruel wind,
  Sweep the night-shrouded waste.
Sweep o'er the drear Karoo, brown, bare,
  Shriek past the ant-hill cone,
Sweep o'er the crouching wanderer's lair,
  The wild, rough veld-couch lone.

H. Woodhouse Neale.

DROUGHT

Drawn from the bubbling fountain, filled from the limitless main,
Pent in the steely heavens, clouds in low thunder complain.
God! let them burst in showers, life to the dead give again.
God of the brooks, have pity!
God of cool streams, give us rain!

Wind like a smouldering furnace shrivels the corn in the grain,
Whirling the dust where locusts swarm on swift wings in its train,
Brown are the drooping grasses, hopes of the blossom-time wane.
God of the corn, have pity!
God of green things, give us rain!

Trekking in search of water over the desolate plain,
Sheep by the roadside falling, look up to us in their pain,
Haunt us with eyes of hunger, plead with us—ever in vain.

God of the lambs, have pity!
God of dumb beasts, give us rain!

You, in the world's beginning—Ah, could the spring
come again!
Saw it was good ere You rested—God, Who made
all, give us rain. MARY BYRON.

A PRAYER

Great God, who knoweth, and whose mighty arm
Doth lead and guide throughout the world's wide
way,
Through storm and stress, through outer wrack and
calm,
Through death's long night and life's eternal day,
Lift Thou our hearts in this sad hour of need—
Teach us to pray.

Great King of Kings, be Thou our nation's guide;
Help us, O God! Thy saving grace bestow;
From sea to sea, throughout our Empire wide
Be with us, Lord, in this our hour of woe;
Help us and hear in this our time of need—
Teach us to know. MOME.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Hold hard the horses, let the sun rise high;
Fling wide the gates and listen to my song,
The waiting, brothers, no, the waiting is not long;
Pass round the wine cup, let the dregs run dry.

Hold hard the horses, brothers, rest awhile,
Not in doubting wonder, but be wise;
Let there be no fearing, let there be no guile;
Listen well, my brothers, then arise.

Pausing not in wonder, taking little heed,
Thinking nought of sorrows that may be.
Doubting ye will blunder, pausing, will ye lead?
But go forward looking upward and be free.

Trusting not in weakness, for the Lord God giveth
strength;
'Tis the little things that quiver, break, and fall;
We may take the matter sideways, broadways, and
full length,
Yet the God that seeth all things knoweth all.

For the things that make a nation are the things that
made the State;
'Tis the shoulders touching shoulders that succeed;
Brothers, we are marching and the marching's none
too late;
'Tis the shoulders touching shoulders that will lead.

Then go forward looking upward, trusting God and
man
With a faith that led our fathers, as of old;
Tarry not, my brothers, we are marching in the van,
And the God that guideth nations will uphold.

With no halting faith, nor blindly taking each his
stand,
Not in doubting wonder, but as one;
Not each state a nation, one nation and one land;
Brothers, we are marching and the marching's but
begun.

MOME.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

From silent spaces. From the naked hills
That stand unchanged in matchless solitude;
From dorp and town; from all the haunts of men;
From forests whose unravelled, tortured glooms
Remain unconquered whilst the atoms writhe
And quiver round them in the noontide sun;
From rushing rivers where the waters swirl
And thunder over jutting crags to fall
Crashing and broken in a limpid pool;
From North to South, from troubled sea to sea:
There comes a voice so soft it seems a sigh,
The faint beginnings of a mighty wind
That slowly rising strikes Æolian strings
Till one by one the harsh discordant sounds,
The halting echoes gather form and shape
In muffled chords that swiftly grow and blend
Into one strident peal of melody:—
Take up your burden, Children of the Land!
Behind you lie the bitter memories
Of blood and tears commingled in the dust

Where men have striven, suffered, fought, and died.
Now from the past, the ashes of the slain,
Have come the makings of a common cause.
The future lies before you, babes unborn
Await their destiny—with outstretched hands
Two nations call to you in mute appeal—
Take up your burden, Children of the Land!
That begs for, urges, nay, demands your all;
A land that colours, mars, distorts your dreams;
Yet lures you on—and ever on and on,
Filling your souls with longings none can tell,
Great aspirations—though you know not why,
Cravings for giant spaces, buoyant air,
Sunlight and starshine—all the mystic lore
Wherein are writ the purposes of God.
Oh! cast away your false, ill-omened fears,
The whited garments of deep-seated hate;
The hoarded garnerings of ancient wrongs;
The hidden canker that destroys your peace.
Lay the foundations—and if ceaseless toil
Seem wasted—courage, you prepared the place
Whereon your sons shall raise up stone by stone
A pillar worthy of that mighty Fane
Of sister nations (whereof men shall say:—

"Behold! its spires reach the topmost stars,
Yet in its shadow little children play.")
Not built for lust of strength, or race, or fame,
But as a sign to peoples yet to be,
No mere reflection of a passing phase,
Crumbling beneath the iron grip of Time,
But to endure through long decades of years,
A beacon in the darkest days to come—
An ark of refuge for a tired world.

SYNED.

ODE ON THE BURIAL OF KING EDWARD VII.

Friday, May 20, 1910

A TRIBUTE FROM JOHANNESBURG

I

The King comes forth to-day:
In all the pomp and splendour which befits his station
He will lead again,
And Rulers and Ambassadors will follow in his train.
Through the long, living walls of his own nation
He will take his way,

And will move slowly
Past rich and proud,
Past poor and lowly;
And the great crowd
To whom a Kingly father he has been,
Choking an orphaned people's cry,
Silent will stand as he goes by,
It may be seeing, but yet all unseen.

II

Slow breaks the English early Summer morn,
The last dark hour of vigil is at hand,
Like to the sweep of wind o'er ripened corn,
The swish of breakers, or the whirl of sand,
Comes sound of steps and voices through the gloom,
The nervous hush of moving multitude
Circling the sacred barriers of a tomb,
By grief and reverence alike subdued.

Brighter the sky grows, the May sunbeams fall
On lines of glowing colours, and steel flame,
Carpeted round the venerable Hall,
The marshalled guardians of a nation's fame
Waiting for him who loved a soldier's part,

Yet used his voice to make war's terrors cease;
Rest quiet in thy triumph, noble heart—
The Peacemaker has found enduring peace.

III

A sweet sad music swells
'Mid pause of slow-tolled bells;
Throw wide the ancient gate,
In all the panoply of state
Comes forth the King;
The deep-voiced gun the restive steed affrights,
From William's tower to Windsor's terraced heights,
Which winding Thames unites,
The shattered air makes dull repeat
In long-drawn echoing;
And through the street
'Neath windows sullen craped
And balconies with regal purple draped,
Vibrates the tread of ordered feet.
The slow march fills the air,
The checked flags at the half-mast float,
Writhing like things in pain
Responsive to the melancholy note:
And many a head in that vast crowd

In grief is bowed,
As silent prayer
Relieves the bursting strain.

Hush! he is drawing nigh,
Serene, unmoved amidst his own,
Attended by the great of other lands,
And yet aloof, alone;
He does not heed his people's sigh,
Or note their trembling hands
Waving a last, long, lingering Good-bye.

IV

Last night he lay near the mighty dead
In the Minster dim,
Perchance the shades from that fabric dread
Communed with him.
O Spirit Council of Rulers great,
What did ye say?
Did ye measure the England of far-off date
With the land of to-day?
Saxon, Plantagenet, Tudor brave,
Did ye welcome bring
To Hanover's Son, before the grave

Received our King?
Search through these isles, but in Royal shrine
No worthier lies
Of Edward Confessor's stately line
Than Edward the Wise.

V

Was it but yesterday that we
All silent watched the flag-decked bier
Roll by? The only time when She
Who rested there passed without cheer;
The tears which then for Mother flowed
Still seem to damp the Son's last road.

VI

Bury him not in the stirring City,
Though he loved it dearly,
Bringer of peace, Giver of pity,
Lay him to sleep where the Thames runs clearly
Through the quiet fields of his boyhood's hieing
Where side by side at last are lying
His noble sire and that nobler mother
Like whom our land has known no other;

Here, within waft of the choir's *Te Deum*,
His faith attesting,
In Windsor's bannered mausoleum
Leave him resting.

VII

Led by the nation's Mighty Heart,
A chorus vast in every clime
Swells, as unnumbered sons take part
In Benediction sad, sublime;
From pole to pole one prayer doth ring
In countless tongues, God Rest the King.

VIII

Thy crowded hours and brimming years
Have not amounted
To what wise David fixed as span
Of toil and tears
And all those joys, which counted,
Make up the life of man.

But if life measured be by deed
And not duration,
A score of decades thou hast lived,
For thou hast planted that fair seed

First fruits of which thy nation
Already has received.

In days to come
How shall we speak of thee,
Or how inscribe the sum
Of all thy gifts on page of history?
Courtier profound.
In sport proficient, and in business sound,
Polished in statecraft, proud of race and throne,
Yet making all thy people's cares thine own,
King single-minded, man of a thousand parts,
Holder of vast possessions, winner of hearts:
One more great Englishman we bear from out the strife,
Leaving the England that he loved the greater for his life.

IX

Most tender spirit and most noble mind,
Whate'er the grandeur of thy tomb may be,
Far grander this, to have thy worth enshrined
In casket of a nation's memory.

R. A. Nelson.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ANTHEM

Mighty Lord of nations,
  We, Thy youngest born,
After toil and travail,
  After feuds outworn,
Stand at last one people,
  Face the splendid morn.
    Give us faith, O Lord!

Great the task before us:
  Ours to do and dare,
Lay the lines of progress,
  'Stablish, build, prepare:
For the sons who follow
  Make our country fair.
    Give us strength, O Lord!

Lord, for truth and justice
  Make us strong to fight;
Yet we pray Thy purpose
  Need no battle-night.
Lead us, Lord of progress,
  In the ways of light.
    Give us peace, O Lord!

F. E. WALROND.

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